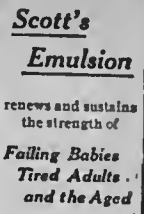


BIG SANDY NEWS.



Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

Volume XXVII, Number 20.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JANUARY 19, 1912.

M. F. CONLEY, Publisher.

DEATH

Removes Some of Our Worthy People.

The Sammons Came Suddenly to Judge Marcum, But Was Not Unexpected to the Others.

Mr. Alexander Lackey.
After a long period of failing health, during which every effort was made to delay and possibly avert the inevitable result, Alex. Lackey, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Lackey, of this city, died peacefully and without a struggle at his home about 7 o'clock Monday morning. All of the immediate family except an older brother, John G. Lackey, of East Liverpool, O., were present when death closed the scene. Two aunts, Mrs. Ben Thomas, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. James McConnell, of Catlettsburg, were also present in the final hours. He is survived by his parents, one sister, Mrs. H. C. Corns, and two brothers, John and Junior. Had he lived until March 17 he would have been 32 years old.
At one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the funeral services were held at the home of the deceased, conducted by the Rev. J. W. Crites, pastor of the M. E. church, South. The services were simple and appropriate. Prayer, song and a fitting discourse by the minister marked the solemn occasion. The one great passion of the dead boy's life was a love for flowers. He loved them as he loved no other voiceless thing. It was eminently fitting, therefore, that the choicest buds and blossoms procurable should garnish the casket which held his mortal remains. Flowers in beautiful designs, the gift of friends at home and abroad, were offered in fragrant profusion, testifying with mute eloquence to the esteem in which Alex. Lackey was held.
Following the services at the house the body was conveyed to Pine Hill cemetery and buried. The road being dangerous because of the snow and ice the final farewell to the son and brother was taken at home, none of the family except John Lackey accompanying the body to the grave.
As soon as possible after Mr. Lackey became aware that he was seriously affected he sought a more congenial climate, going to southern California, where he remained several years. A few months ago a longing for home and kindred impelled him to return to his native Louisa. It seemed for a time that the ravages of disease were checked, but it was not for long. First his activities were restricted to the home place and its surroundings, then he was compelled to remain in doors, finally the bed, and then the untimely end.
Alex. Lackey was a most lovable character. He was clean in word and action, upright, industrious almost to the last, never so happy as when doing something for those he loved. He knew he must die but the knowledge possessed no terrors for him. He said he was ready to go when called, having joined the church while in California, and such was the brightness of his life that the home of eternal sunshine, and the home of fadeless flowers and the place of never ending happiness he his abode.
Judge W. W. Marcum.
The news of the sudden and entirely unexpected death of Judge W. W. Marcum, at his home in Ceredo, last Monday morning came as great shock to his relatives and friends in Louisa. He had been his usual robust self for many years, but was not thought of as being in any danger of death. On the day mentioned he got up about the usual hour, when he was seized with a pain in the back. Relief was obtained as quickly as possible, but it was unavailing and he died at 7 o'clock. Word of the sad news was immediately wired to his family and to his son, Dr. Fred Marcum, of Torchlight. The message of sorrow came in time for the

relatives to leave on the morning train. Mrs. C. C. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Neal and family, Miss Edith Marcum, who was visiting Louisa friends, and Dr. Marcum were those who left Monday. Mr. Hill went down Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Hill had been with her father the day before, and left for home with no thought of what would be the next word concerning her father.
The burial occurred in Huntington at noon Wednesday after funeral services at the home, and was largely attended.
Judge W. W. Marcum was born in what is now Wayne county, West Virginia, nearly 67 years ago. He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Marcum and was the first of a large number of brothers and sisters to die. The surviving ones are T. D. and P. S. Marcum, of Catlettsburg, John S. James II. and Luce, of Huntington, Mrs. Cahill, of New York city, Mrs. Morgan Baker, of Huntington, Mrs. E. V. Shupkins, of War Eagle, and Mrs. J. H. Dotson, of Thacker.
Judge Marcum was twice married. His first marriage was in Virginia to Miss Eulalie Cox, of that state. The second wife was Miss Mary E. Burgess, of this county, who survives him. The children are Dr. Fred Marcum, of Torchlight, James Charles, Frank and Homer of Ceredo, Mrs. W. D. O'Neal and Mrs. C. C. Hill, of Louisa, and Misses Herman and Edith, of Ceredo. For many years Judge Marcum was a highly respected citizen of Louisa. He was a member of the Lawrence county bar and served a term as County Attorney. Upon going to Ceredo he became active in politics and law. He in time became Judge of the Wayne county court, and two years ago was elected to the West Virginia House of Delegates. He was a good lawyer and (Continued on page five.)

TOM RATCLIFF ARRESTED.

Man Charged With the Murder of Arch Pyles.

In October the NEWS gave the particulars of the killing of a young man named Arch Pyles, son of Val Pyles, of Whites Creek, W. Va. Young Pyles and two other young men named respectively Tom Ratcliff and Dick Sanders became involved in a dispute over some trivial matter, and during the difficulty which ensued Pyles received knife wounds which caused his death in a few minutes.
Sanders and Ratcliff fled, and although the father of the slain boy offered a large reward for their apprehension nothing was heard of them until the arrest of Ratcliff by Deputy U. S. Marshal Rafferty in one of the upper Sandy counties a few days ago. Rafferty brought his man to Catlettsburg. He received the reward which had been offered for the prisoner and turned him over to the Wayne county authorities.
The marshal had heard that a man answering to Ratcliff's description was staying at a certain house. Going to the place he found his man up the chimney of a fire place. The officer thinks Sanders is in Floyd county, and is looking for him. Young Pyles was a nephew of Mrs. Albert Murray, of this city.
DIFFICULTY SETTLED.
The existing difficulty between S. P. Wiley and his cousin L. K. Vinson, has been settled and a charge that the latter had entered against Mr. Wiley has been dismissed. Vinson had stated in an affidavit that Wiley had forged his name to a note for \$175.00. Wiley insisted that he had written Vinson's name by the latter's consent and that was all there was to it. Both men are good citizens and men of considerable means and the affair was indeed an unfortunate one, and their respective friends will be glad to learn that everything is now satisfactorily adjusted. —Catlettsburg Tribune.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Brown, etc., vs. Spradlin, Johnson, reversed.
Waller, etc., vs. Syke, Pike, reversed.

MILL ACCIDENT

Kills One Man and Injures Several Others.

Catastrophe at N. K. Whitten's Grist Mill Near Prosperity, this County.

By an accident which occurred at the grist mill of Whitten and Wellman, on Irish creek, this county, last Saturday morning, one of the proprietors, Felix Wellman, was instantly killed, one man, young Sam Chaffin mortally injured, Harrison Castle, Joe Moore, Lefe Adams, Herb Adams and Garfield Adams more or less severely hurt. Chaffin's skull is fractured and the attending physician says he cannot recover.
Mr. Wellman was a nephew of Jno. and H. G. Wellman, of this place, and Garfield Adams was a cousin of J. M. Adams, with Dixon, Moore & Co. Mr. Wellman is survived by a widow and two grown children. The mill had been running but a short time when the accident occurred. The mill was going at a high rate of speed when it burst. One of the mill posts which held the mill in position struck Mr. Wellman about the lower part of his chest with force enough to drive him through the oak side of the building, causing instant death. Besides those mentioned several narrowly escaped injury. It is supposed that the continued cold had filled the mill with frost, and the rapid motion and continued friction had generated heat sufficient to cause the upper stone to burst.
Mr. Wellman was a good citizen and his untimely and tragic death is much deplored. His partner and son-in-law, Mr. Whitten, was in Louisa when the accident happened and only heard of it at Busseyville as he was going home.

Wedding Bells.

Crowning her social triumph in Washington society, where a brilliant debut will be made at the New Willard on the evening of January 9, wedding bells will ring for Miss Eloise Hughes, one of Huntington's most charming and highly accomplished young girls. The fortunate groom to be is Mr. Lucien Smith, a member of a very wealthy and influential family at Morgantown. Congressman and Mrs. James A. Hughes and daughter left Thursday afternoon for the capital, where handsome preparations will be made for the coming-out party of Miss Hughes. Following this, she will be much feted and will receive flattering attention and a gay whirl of mid-winter festivities. A visit will then be made to New York to procure final touches for the trousseau. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride, "Mama Blinn," in this city near the twentieth of February and interest in the brilliant match will be displayed not only among the social circles of Huntington and throughout West Virginia and Kentucky, but in the political world as well, and in the historical old college town where Mr. Smith resides. Coming upon the eve of her formal debut, the announcement of Miss Hughes' approaching marriage will be heard with interest by her hundreds of people who claim this lovely young girl as a friend. —Huntington Herald Dispatch.
The date of the marriage of Miss Hughes has been definitely fixed for the evening of February 8th, and will occur at the Christian Church, Huntington. One of the bridesmaids will be Miss Victoria Garred, of this city.
Miss Hughes is a niece of Postmaster A. M. Hughes, of this city and is very well known and very popular. She is a girl of much beauty of person and simplicity and charm of manner. She is well educated and highly accomplished, has traveled and seen much, and has been greatly admired at home and abroad.

Ashland Postmaster to be Removed.

The following extract from a Washington dispatch to the Louisville Post is not without interest to Louisians, Mr. Bogges having formerly been a resident of this place: Senator Bradley also will succeed in having the scalp of Postmaster Bogges, of Ashland at his belt, and the next to fall under his deadly aim will be Collector of Internal Revenue Maurice Galvin, of Covington.

The removal of Postmaster Bogges, however, is not to cause one of the biggest rows ever known in Kentucky over a postoffice appointment. The record of Mr. Bogges has not been attacked from any source.

In the Oil Field.

The cold weather has prevented any work of importance being done in the oil field during the past week. The machinery for the Cochran and Reuben Fork wells was moved to the respective locations.
Material for a derrick to be erected on a 40-acre tract belonging to Mrs. Betty Pigg is being delivered on the ground. A lease on this tract is held by the Busseyville Oil & Gas Company.

Asphyxiated by Smoke.

One day last week an N. & W. train crew discovered a box car on fire, near Vivian, a small station east of Kenova. They broke open the door and found two men overcome by the smoke and so badly burned that they were in a dying condition.
An investigation revealed the two victims to be Ben Bradley and Walter Sanders. They died before their bodies could be taken out of the car.

LAND GRANT SUITS.

Action Started to Annul Remaining Virginia Suits.

Years ago Pike county got rid of what is known as the "Old Virginia Land Grants," the case finally being carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, which Court upheld the Kentucky Court.
There are a number of other grants in Pike county which are really more rightful to the people than the Virginia Land Grants, and which are known as the large blanket surveys. The General Assembly of Kentucky in 1896 passed an act which provided that it is the duty of the Commonwealth Attorney, in the various sections wherein such grants exist, to institute suit within five years to forfeit such grants to the Commonwealth. January 1st, 1912, was the last day in which said suits could be brought. An action was filed by the Commonwealth on Monday a week to forfeit the Curley, Smith grant of 131,000 acres for non-payment of taxes. This blanket survey has been held good by the Court of Appeals, but various interests in this grant have become subject to the forfeiture by reason of non-payment of taxes. This grant takes all the upper end of John's creek from about the mouth of Bent branch, a portion of Pond creek, the entire upper part of Coon creek, and most all of Levisa fork of the river including Feels creek and Lick creek, which is situated by it.
Suit has also been instituted to forfeit the Bann-English survey of 32,000 acres, partially known as the Dils, Williamson survey. This affects a large part of Peters creek, Knox creek and a portion of Blackberry.
Suit has also been instituted to forfeit the Anso Hatfield survey of 800 acres, on the lower part of Peters creek, possibly going up to the forks. The last named is an old survey upon which no taxes have been paid for more than 40 years. Under the law, the forfeitures, when made, inure to benefit of the people in possession of the land, so more than 200 citizens will be affected by it. In this their titles, junior grants and title of possession will entirely remove any cloud of these old grants from over their land. The effect of suits will entirely wipe out the large blanket surveys in Pike county. —Pikeville Herald.

21 YEARS

In the Penitentiary Given to Ben Blankenship.

Extreme Penalty for Manslaughter Fixed By Jury for the Killing of Oscar Waller.

When the NEWS went to press on Thursday last the case of Ben Blankenship for the killing of Oscar Waller had been taken up and the work of impanding a jury was in progress. When court adjourned for the day three jurors had been obtained, exhausting the entire panel. The court ordered the summoning of sixty extra jurors for the following day. Before noon Friday a jury had been obtained and two or three witnesses for the prosecution examined. The following comprised the jury: Hiram Mead, Chris. Nicewander, David Hughes, Enoch Cordle, A. M. Wheeler, Fred Perry, A. J. Green, John Daniels, Henry Hughes, J. G. Sammons, A. H. Perry and E. A. Garlin. By noon of Saturday all the evidence had been heard and argument of the case had begun immediately after the noon recess. The State was represented by Commonwealth's Attorney John M. Waugh, assisted by Judge S. G. Kinner, of Catlettsburg, and M. S. Buras, Cain and Thompson, and W. D. O'Neal, and M. C. Kirk, of Inez, appeared for the defense.
There were 3 speeches made for each side, Waugh, Kinner and Burns and Cain, O'Neal and Kirk, Mr. Waugh closing for the State. The last speech was made after supper and after a short consideration of the case by the jury court was adjourned. The jury had the case under consideration for a short time on Sunday. Judge Hannah saying that he would be on hand to receive a verdict if one was made. No conclusion was reached that day, however, and further deliberation was postponed until Monday. About eleven o'clock Monday morning the jury announced an agreement and returned a verdict of guilty, fixing the punishment of Blankenship at confinement in the penitentiary for a period of twenty-one years. On Monday afternoon Blankenship and Jno. Pack, who will serve an indeterminate sentence of from one to five years in the penitentiary for shooting his wife, were taken to Frankfort by Sheriff Carter and guard Lock Moore.
The grand jury adjourned after a session of six days. During this time they examined 141 witnesses and found 80 indictments. The jury failed to find an indictment against Warden Marcum, charged with shooting a black man named Brown a few weeks ago, and he was discharged, but it did indict his companion, Charles Thornhill.
The case of the commonwealth against men and women who were charged with breaking into the Levisa Creek school house last fall will come up again next spring in a recently modified form. When it was called this term two of the women agreed to appear as witnesses for the commonwealth and were released. They had been in jail several months. The Gallihue woman is out on bail, as are the men.
Several cases in which Mr. W. D. O'Neal was counsel had been set for this week, but owing to the death of his father-in-law, Judge W. W. Marcum, he was compelled to be away. On this account Judge Hannah deemed it best to close the term, which he did early Monday morning.
The twenty-one year old case in which Capt. William Bartram was plaintiff and which the NEWS noted last week, was decided in favor of the Captain. He obtained a judgment for \$800 and accrued interests making a total of \$1238.00.
Dr. W. B. McClure, of Lexington, has made the L. & N. railroad defendant in a suit he has filed to recover \$25,000 for personal injury sustained when his automobile was wrecked by being run into by one of the road's engine.

Explosion and Fire at Normal.

The two story, frame building, occupied as a store room, by L. C. Fogeman, and as a lodge room, located in Normal, was blown into atoms, and totally destroyed by fire Sunday morning shortly before 3:00 o'clock.

No one as yet has been found who is able to explain how the explosion took place, but the supposition is that a gas pipe had burst and the lower room of the building had become full of gas which ignited from a light that was burning.
Mr. Fogeman had quite a stock of groceries and other goods in the building that were insured for \$300, which amount it is said will only cover a portion of his loss.
The second story of the building was occupied as a lodge room by the Junior Order of American Mechanics and the Knights of Golden Eagle. All their paraphernalia and lodge equipment were in the building and were totally destroyed. Each of the lodges had \$250 insurance on their goods which will partially reimburse them.
The building destroyed was merely occupied by the Normal office. —Catlettsburg Tribune.

Railroad Up Beaver.

The C. & O. will build a new up Beaver creek, Floyd county, the coal lands owned by the dated, the Beaver Creek and Northern Coal Companies.
Coal from these mines will sent through Louisa to Cincinnati, where it will be turned over to C. H. and D. for the haul to Toledo, from which point it will be handled. In the Great Lakes coal traffic during the summer months, while in the winter it will be diverted for an all-rail haul to the Northwest.

WEST VIRGINIA FIRES.

Logan and Matewan Sustain Heavy Losses.

Logan, W. Va., Jan. 13.—At 1 o'clock this morning the town was visited by one of the most disastrous fires in its history, a whole square, including the court house and many of the principal mercantile establishments of the town being destroyed.
The fire started in Menor's department store, or in a pool room adjoining, the flames having advanced so far before discovered that it was impossible to tell in which place the fire started.
The volunteer fire department of the town was called out by the alarm but was unable to accomplish but little owing to the fact that the water was frozen in the mains.
Among the buildings destroyed were W. B. Johnson's grocery store Menor's ten cent store; the Stall moving picture theatre; the store of the Co-operative Mercantile Company; the Gem pool room; Lannams' plumbing establishment; two empty buildings and a small building occupied by the fire department.
The greatest loss will fall in the destruction of the Logan county court house, a building completed about three years ago at a cost of approximately \$100,000. The court house was a handsome stone structure, modern in design and finish. When it was found that the court house could not be saved an attempt was made to remove the records from the offices of the county and circuit clerks, and from the offices of the sheriff and assessor. This work was but partly completed when the heat became so fierce that it had to be abandoned, and the vaults closed. Whether any of the records were lost is not yet known, but it is believed that the vaults belong of modern construction will protect them, and they will be found intact when the heat subsides.
The fire department of the town aided by scores of volunteers made heroic efforts to check the progress of the flames, but handicapped by the extreme cold, it was found impossible to prevent a disaster which will be felt for years to come.
The loss cannot be fully estimated at present. The destruction of (Continued on page five.)

**Important News Gathered from Abroad for the
Benefit of Our Readers.**

WONDE

Commissioner of Fisheries and Game Bowers has promised to send a carload of wall-eyed pike to Kentucky, to be placed in the streams in the eastern section. In

"In commenting on an article" in the Mt. Sterling paper, relative to the candidacy of a Montgomery county man for Congress, provided that county is placed in the Ninth district under the proposed redistricting plan, the Flemingsburg Times-Democrat says there are plenty of men ready to fill this office as soon as W. J. Fields is ready to relinquish his claims, which time has not arrived. The Chronicle agrees with the Flemingsburg Times-Demo-

The fire was extinguished by members of her mother's family, where she was visiting. She was fatally burned Friday Saturday morning about nine o'clock. She was in a semi-conscious condition until death, and suffered frightfully. Her clothes were entirely burned from her body, which was a mass of deep burns. Physicians at no time entertained any hope of recovery. She was the wife Tom Browning of Logan.—Logan Democrat.

This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness
And ALL DISEASES arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion
 The natural result is good appetite and solid flesh. Dose small; elegantly sugarcoated and easy to swallow.
Take No Substitute.

PROGRAM

Morning Session.

Afternoon Session.

4:10—Report of Committee on
Constitution and By-Laws

N. H.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

III. AINR.

All kinds of Overshoes; Felts.
Gum Boots and Raincoats at Sull-
van Mdee. Co.

at prices that are right

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank.

CORNER OF MAIN STREET, LOUISA, KY.

Dr. T. D. Burgess
F. H. Yates
Dr. L. H. York
R. L. Vinson

N. N.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special

The best quality of work
at prices that are RIGHT

County News Items

Interesting Facts Gathered During the Week by Our Regular Correspondents.

ADVICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

The NEWS wants the news all kinds of legitimate news but we want it "hot off the wire." We also want it as briefly stated as possible. We want this week's news not last week's as our columns are not without history. We would rather have a five-line item as soon or before it happens than a column on the same subject next week. Again, we don't want opinions from correspondents, nor have we space for adjective, furbelows, flowers or "taffy." We keep a full stock of those always "on tap" in the office to use as merit and space may permit. As for poetry, spring, summer, autumn, or winter, we have only one day in seven when we consider that, and that is on Sunday, when we are quietly seated at home with our little on the center table. As for long contributions, on any subject, we can't use them, and it is a waste of time and talent to send them, as we have only a few lines types machines in action. If you have a society function to "write up," say Mrs. So and So entertained in honor of such and such a friend on a certain evening, refreshments, etc. If not over a half dozen guests, mention their names; if more, just say a number of friends were graciously complimented by the hostess and the evening was happy. If the article can be given more space the editor will put the "fixin's" on the cake himself. Bear in mind also that we don't want anything on the tariff or a last year's bird nest. We want all the news but must have it in digestible shape. Please respect and spare the waste-basket.

OVERSEA.

Charley Adams left Sunday for some part in West Virginia. Martin Young was visiting at Mr. Webb's Sunday. There will be church at Hicksville church Sunday by Revs. Berry and Hicks. Misses Claudie Holbrook and Condie Hays were calling on friends at Overda Saturday. Ruben Adams left this week for Chattanooga, W. Va., where he will spend a few months. Mr. and Mrs. Streitenberger will leave for his father's in Ohio tomorrow, where they will spend a few days on a visit. John Jordan and his barn destroyed by fire recently. Miss Davy Holbrook is visiting her sister on Irish Creek this week. Sherman Evans and Drew Adams will leave Monday for Louisa where they will attend the K. N. T. the rest of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Hall have moved into the house vacated by Mrs. Wells some time ago. Columbus Evans, of Burnsville, has moved into the house vacated by his father, Green Evans. Drew Adams was visiting friends at W. M. Holbrook's Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Logan Bishop are paying their father a visit. John Evans is preparing to build a new dwelling house. Levi Streitenberger was calling on John Evans Tuesday. XXX

SCOTT'S EMULSION

IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD

because it is made of the purest and best ingredients, because it contains more healing, strengthening and up-building material than any other Emulsion, and because it is a perfect product of a scientific-perfect process.

It's the world over recognize

Scott's Emulsion the Standard preparation of Cod Liver Oil.

ALL DRUGGISTS

11-22

IRAD.

Miss Lillie Burton, Carrie, Mattie and Larna Carter attended the entertainment at Shady Grove Saturday. Sam Derfield was calling on friends at Twin Branch Saturday and Sunday. Miss Laura Carter was visiting her niece Lillie May Derfield, Tuesday. The birthday given by Miss Nettie Thompson Tuesday was quite an enjoyable affair. John Carter returned home Monday from Louisa. Sam Derfield was visiting on Daniels creek Monday. Willie Jobs and Charley Derfield were visiting Mattie and Carrie Carter Sunday. Miss Loma Moore will leave soon for Columbus Ohio. Miss Mattie Roberts, of Prosperity, is expected to visit friends at this place soon. Kay Carter was transacting business at Little Blaine Tuesday. S. Kiddo.

SKAGGS

We are sorry to hear of the sad fate of little Hazel June, daughter of Ernest June, of Flat Gap. Her clothing caught fire from the open stove and when its mother discovered the child it was covered with flames. The mother was hurried in trying to extinguish the fire from her burning child. Our hearts go out in sympathy for the bereaved. A wedding occurred at the residence of James H. Holbrook, Miss Elva Ross and Mr. Leo. Skaggs were united in marriage by T. C. Holbrook, Justice of Peace. The groom is a son of J. C. Skaggs, a prosperous farmer and merchant of Terryville. Leo is worthy and industrious young man and quite a favorite among his many friends at this place. Elva is a very bright, intelligent young woman well, educated and popular in a large circle of friends. She is one of Lawrence county's best teachers. Her husband is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of such a wife. Mrs. Polly Sword and her son, George, of Mamasas, Col., are visiting relatives at this place. Mrs. Sword was thrown from a wagon Friday and was badly shaken up, but is able to stir again. C. C. Holbrook returned from from Louisa last week. Mrs. Con. Rice and son Merrill, and Mrs. Harry Phillips and little Sherrill, were shopping at this place recently. Two friends.

ALONZO.

Preston Coal Company are building a new coal tipples much larger than the old one. They expect to do a greater business this year. F. R. ard and family have moved to Heller, where Mr. Ward has accepted a position as store clerk for the Greenough Coal and Coke Co. Miss Catherine Preston has returned from a holiday visit to friend and relatives at Graves Shoals and Richardson. Thomas E. Leslie, who is attending medical school at Knoxville, Tenn., was home for the holidays. Dr. R. M. Akers, of Emma, called on Mr. and Mrs. Sam Porter last Sunday. James Williams, mine foreman of the Preston Coal Co., spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks at Williamsport. Miss Katherine Preston was shopping in Prentissburg Monday. Two eyes.

RICHARDSON.

The pale horse and his rider entered this community on January 2nd. School closed last Friday with a very successful term, taught by Isaac Cunningham. Death entered the home of A. J. Dale and took there from a little grand child. It had got burned by an open fire place and had suffered all this time. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Layne, and son who have been visiting friends here, have returned home. Dr. W. W. Wray was called to Louisa on Wednesday. Harmon Roskey returned to his home on Sunday after attending his grand fathers funeral. Guess Who.

"KEITH OF THE BORDER."

SOUTH CHARLESTON, O.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Boggs and daughter, Gretta have been attending the revival meetings at South Solon. Miss Nettie Irwin was calling on Miss Sadie Hart Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Truisty have another fine boy at their home. Frank Shackley, of near South Solon has gone to Texas. W. T. Boggs had to sell his hogs on account of cholera in the neighborhood. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Boggs had for their guests on New Year's day at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Irwin and family, Mr. and Mrs. Shilue Boggs and family, Mr. Jack Reese and James Wilkerson. Miss Edith Wiscup has just returned from a visit with London relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Lornai McDonald will soon move to his farm at Lisbon, which he has recently purchased. Miss Marie Devore, of Washington is visiting Mrs. Emory Owney this week. Miss Susie Irwin was visiting home folks recently. The only child.

DEEP HOLE.

The sick of this community are improving. Wash Rice of Daniels creek passed through here enroute to Louisa last week. Henry Carter of this place is attending school at Fallsburg. Mrs. McLean filed his appointment at this place Sunday. Fox hunting is all the go here now. We are sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Mildred Blaukenship. Jack Prece attended the burial of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Henry Prece of near Louisa last week. T. H. Burdett and William Clark are on the sick list. Several of the boys of this place attended church at Yatesville Sunday. The Odd Girl.

MAPLE GROVE.

Maple Grove school was out at this place Jan. 5. Will Clark and Jones Clark left here Sunday for Floyd county. Mrs. Burdett, who has been ill for some time, is improving. Mr. Cocks and wife have moved from Beaver to the farm purchased from Green Garland. Procter Diamond and Elbow Taylor will leave here for Ashland in a short time. Green Prece is working for Mr. Adkins. John Clark will soon go to Fallsburg to school. X. Y. Z. Mrs. A. R. Tabor, of Crider, Mo., had been troubled with sick headache for about five years, when she began taking Chamberlain's Tablets. She has taken two bottles of them and they have cured her. Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach for which these tablets are especially intended. They get well and stay well. Some dealers.

FOR SALE.

50 acre farm, located on Cherokee, Lawrence county, 15 acres bottom, 8 acres meadow; good house and barn, good garden and well, some pasture; 25 acres can be cultivated this year. Price \$650.00. If interested write or call on J. H. WOODS, Jeann, Ky. Jan 1-3m.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

On Monday evening an article of wearing apparel was stolen from in front of our store. The party is known but will not be presented if the price is sent to us or the coat returned in good condition at once.

W. L. FERGUSON, & CO.

FREE TRADE, FREE LOTS, FREE

SCALES at W. V. Roberts', Cadmus Ky., every Saturday, where you will find live stock to buy and buyers to buy.

Old papers for sale at this office 20c per hundred.

A Reliable Remedy Ely's Cream Balm ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR COLIC, CATARRH, HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SORES, ITCHING, AND ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS. It cures, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at drug-gists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION.

Lessons Received from Kentucky Dairy Show.

On Friday, January 5th, the dairy men of the State held an important meeting and the awards were announced in the third annual dairy show. Nineteen entries of farm butter were sent to the show, and they were judged by T. C. Connelton of the U. S. Dairy Division. Since the awards were made we have read the statements that were sent in by each dairymen with his sample of butter. Many lessons may be learned from the show.

In the first place we note that centrifugal separators are in use on the farm of each dairymen who won a premium. The separator enables the dairymen to secure the cream in a sweeter and cleaner condition than the gravity system of separation, and through this means better butter may be made. The best butter was made from cream ripened for 24 hours, until slightly acid, and which was kept uniformly warm. One exhibitor ripened the cream by pouring it into a can near the kitchen stove. The open can permitted the cream to dry on top, and clots of curd were present in the butter. One of the worst samples was made from cream ripened 72 hours.

The dairymen who made the best butter churned the cream at a temperature of 58 degrees, and it required 30 minutes to churn. One dairymen who produced low scoring butter had the cream at 68 degrees F. and churned in fifteen minutes. The cream was too warm, the body of the butter was weakened, and by the rapid gathering of the butter, much of the fat in the cream did not gather and was probably lost in the buttermilk.

The premium samples of butter were made in the hollow churns, of either the swing or barrel types. These dairymen churn the cream until the granules appear the size of corn kernels, then they stop the churn, draw off the butter milk, and wash the granules twice with clean water that is of the same temperature as the buttermilk. They use the same amount of wash water as they have buttermilk. This washes the buttermilk out of the butter, but one dairymen reported that he worked the buttermilk out of his butter instead of washing it out. The judge noticed that a few white spots of casein were present in this sample of butter.

The lady who made the first premium butter adds salt at the rate of a teaspoonful to two pounds of fresh butter. The other prize winners stated that they salted at the rate of three-quarter ounces salt to one pound of unsalted butter. We have averaged the amounts of milk used in making one pound of butter, and find that the dairymen report an average of eighteen pounds of milk for one pound of butter.

All exhibitors, except two, have floating dairy thermometers that cost 25c, and they use these thermometers at each step in the butter-making process. The samples of butter were printed in square, or brick shape, except the two samples that scored lowest. These round samples were wrapped in waxed paper whereas the highest scoring samples were wrapped in parchment paper. The waxed paper sticks to the butter, and it looks bad.

The best samples of country butter scored 94 per cent., and the best five received a mark above 91, while the best sample of creamery butter received a score above 93 per cent. This is no reflection upon the creamery butter which was of high quality but seldom does an expert judge give a score above 91 per cent. to any butter. The expert judge of the dairy show highly complimented the country butter exhibit. This high score received by the first prize sample proves that as good butter may be made on the farm as can be made anywhere provided the farmer is prepared to handle the cream and fresh butter properly at every step.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

John Dobbins was born May 10, 1849, died Dec. 4, 1911, aged 62 years and 5 months. He had been sick for a year, but when the summons came he went peacefully to rest in the arms of Jesus, surrounded by his children and friends, who had done everything that loving hands could do to relieve his suffering. God called him unto himself. He leaves four children, three sisters and two brothers and a host of friends to mourn his death. We all miss him, but let us all prepare to meet him where there are no more good-byes. A Daughter.

The Norfolk and Western Railroad Company expects to raise between \$12,000,000 and \$13,000,000 by a new bond issue.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Do not sap the springs of life by neglect of the human mechanism, by allowing the accumulation of poisons in the system. An imitation of Nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impoverishment of the blood and nervous strength is to take on alternative glycens extract (without alcohol) of Golden Seal and Oregon grape root, Bloodroot, Stone and 31 marke root with Cherrybark. Over 40 years ago Dr. Pierce gave to the public this remedy, which he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He found it would help the blood in taking up the proper elements from food, help the liver into activity, thereby throwing out the poisons from the blood and vitalizing the whole system as well as allaying and soothing a cough. No one ever takes cold unless constipated, or exhausted, and having what we call mal-nutrition, which is attended with impoverished blood, and exhaustion of nerve force. The "Discovery" is an all-around tonic which restores tone to the blood, nerves and heart by imitating Nature's methods of restoring waste of tissue, and feeding the nerves, heart and lungs on rich red blood.

"I suffered from pain under my right shoulder blade also a very severe cough," writes Mrs. W. Doty, of New Brookfield, S. C., to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. "I had four different doctors and none did me any good. Some said I had consumption, others said I would have to have an operation. I was bedridden, unable to sit up for six months and was waiting but a live skeleton. You advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Laxative. When I had taken one bottle of the 'Discovery' I could sit up for an hour at a time, and when I had taken three bottles I could do my cooking and wash the children. I took fourteen bottles in all and was then in good health. My weight is now 107 pounds."

OF INTEREST TO CORN CLUB.

For the encouragement of boys of the Lawrence County Corn Club the NEWS publishes the following letter which tells its own story: Weaver, Ky., Dec. 14, 1911.

Mr. W. T. Kane, Fallsburg, Ky. Dear Friend:

You will remember me as the only boy in the Laurel County, Ky., Farmers' Institute and the boy to whom you gave the book, Agriculture for Beginners, for which I thank you, very much. My father says it is a very fine book and sends you his kindest regards. Our boys' corn show is over and I led the county, 90.67 bus. on one acre, and a \$12 double-barreled shot gun as second premium on greatest profit realized on growing one acre of corn.

I have just bought me two nice ewes and am going to raise sheep. I have learned a great deal from the book you gave me and especially in regard to preparing the soil, cultivation and fertilization, and mean to try to make a better yield next year.

Again thanking you and with very kindest regards, I am, Your Friend, FORD CASTELL.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John F. Hackworth, deceased, are requested to prove same as required under Kentucky Statutes, and file same at the office of R. T. Burns in the town of Louisa, and all persons indebted to the estate of the said Hackworth will please call and settle said debts at the same office, where appropriate receipts will be given by us, or in our names.

December 22nd, 1911. G. W. Mayo, Fred W. Walker, Executors.

SMALL FARM WANTED.

Want to rent a small farm, 8 or 10 acres, within a mile of Louisa. House with at least five rooms. Will pay cash rent. Possession wanted by March 1st. Leave particulars at this office. tf.

FURS AND HIDES

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES. Woot on Commission. Write for price-list mentioning this ad. Established 1837. JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Kentucky Normal College

Louisa, Kentucky

Winter Term Will Open With JANUARY, 1912

Training Courses for Kentucky and West Virginia will be given SPECIAL Attention throughout the Winter and Spring terms.

Tuition Terms Reasonable and BOARD CHEAP

Write for full particulars to W. M. Byington or E. M. Kennison, Louisa, Kentucky.



We're Shouting about the excellent quality of our printing. We don't care what the job may be, we are equipped to turn it out to your satisfaction. If we can't, we'll tell you so frankly. Let Us Convince You



Big Sandy News

Entered at the postoffice at Louisa, Ky., as second-class matter.



Member
Kentucky Press Association
and Ninth
District Publishers League

Published every Friday by
M. F. CONLEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—One Dollar per year, in
advance.

ADVERTISING RATES furnished
upon application.

Friday, January 10, 1912.

Some famous sleepers: Pullman
Palace Cars. Conelco.

Minutes of the Kentucky Senate,
which read "two Senators were ar-
rested and brought before the bar of
the Senate," caused a lively debate
in that body. The offending words,
after protest by Senator Catlett,
were expunged.

The New York Tribune prints a
facsimile of the seal of the Chinese
republic. It's a fine piece of grill
work in pitchfork, fishing-worm, fish
hook design, and strikingly sugges-
tive of the general mixup and un-
intelligible conditions in the Flow-
ery Kingdom.

The administration bipartisan Pris-
on Commission bill was introduced
in the house by Representative Pe-
ter Leo Atherton, and in the Senate
by Senator M. O. Scott, of Metcalfe
county. It provides for a board of
four members to be appointed by
the Governor and the removal from
office of the present Commissioners
on the passage and approval of the
measure. By the terms of the bill
terms of office of all the subordi-
nates are four years.

That rule of the lower house of
the Kentucky Legislature which re-
quired a two-thirds vote to change
the regular order of business has
been amended so that a majority
may accomplish that result. The Rules
Committee, as formerly, will control
legislation during the final ten days.
Ollie M. James was elected United
States Senator in joint session and
addressed the General Assembly.
Speaker Terrill appointed the stand-
ing committees.

President McDermont, of the State
Senate, has announced the complete
list of committees of the Senate.
It is noticeable that our own Senator
Prichard has been handsomely recog-
nized by the President, he having
been placed on a half dozen com-
mittees, which follow: Appropriations,
Claims, Charitable Institutions,

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be
pleased to learn that there is at least one
dreaded disease that science has been
able to cure in all its stages, and that is
Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only
positive cure now known to the medical
fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional
disease, requires a constitutional treat-
ment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken in-
ternally, acting directly upon the blood
and mucous surfaces of the system, there-
by destroying the foundation of the dis-
ease, and giving the patient strength by
building up the constitution and assisting
nature in doing its work. The proprietors
have so much faith in its curative pow-
ers that they offer One Hundred Dollars
for any case that it fails to cure. Send
for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



An Innovation in Oil Heaters

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, with its
drums enameled in turquoise, is an ornament to any
room, whether in the country or city home.

No home is quite complete without a Perfection Oil
Heater. It is a necessity in the fall and spring, when it is too
warm to start the regular heating apparatus, and too cool to be
without heat. In the midst of winter it is often convenient as
an auxiliary heater, as there are always some cold corners
in a house.

The enameled heater always presents a nice appearance, as the
enamel will not tarnish or burn off. It is not an "enamel paint," but it
is the same as the enamel of your cooking utensils.

The Perfection is the most reliable and convenient portable heating
device you can find. An automatically-locking flame spreader prevents
turning the wick high enough to smoke.

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

Printing, Mines and Mining and
Congressional Districts and Reap-
portionment.

Senator Prichard is the Chair-
man of the last named committee
and it goes without saying that he
will favor a fair and equitable ar-
rangement of the congressional dis-
tricts in the State. All of his com-
mittees are very important.

The Elizabethtown News asks if
women were allowed to vote would
they pad the returns.
From force of habit?

State Senator Prichard has offered
a bill in the Senate which is in-
tended to define public drunken-
ness and to fix the penalty there-
for.

The Winchester Democrat favors
the recall of judges so far as Mr.
Sterling is concerned. The Demo-
crat says Mr. Sterling has furnish-
ed appellate judges enough in the
persons of Judge B. J. Peters who
led the place eighteen years Judge
Holt, Judge Hazelrigg, Judge O'Rear
and now Judge Winn to fill Judge
O'Rear's unexpired term.

The Cincinnati Democrat Says:
Oscar Underwood democratic lead-
er in the House of Representa-
tives, took a severe cold last week
and the doctors feared to cut off
his appendix but he opposed their
high tariff and got well.

The Lexington Leader declares
there is no one in sight except
President Taft for the Republican
nomination for President. Why, don't
you see those teeth and that pomp-
adour?

The Carlisle Democrat enthusias-
tically exclaims: "God rules, Mc-
Creary reigns and the democrats are
on top!" That is pretty good, but
is the sequence correct?

The Harrodsburg Republican has
changed its name to the Harrods-
burg Leader, evidently appreciating
the republicans' need of a Moses.

Gov. McCreary's message to the
Legislature indicates that he pro-
poses to keep the boys' noses to
the democratic grindstone.

If traveling men are forced to
sleep between soiled sheets, the
sooner the sheets the better, we
think.

"When Greek John Greek,"

Andrew Carnegie, who was on the
gridiron of the House investigating
committee for several days, proved
himself to be the boss sidekick of
the season. His skill in evasion
was equalled only by the persis-
tence and ingenuity with which In-
quisitor A. O. Stanley, who finally
drove the canny Scot into a hole
and got what he wanted.

At the conclusion of the testimony
Mr. Carnegie made a little speech.
Rising from the witness chair he
said:

"Gentlemen, I came down here
with an aversion to publicity, but
I want to tell you truthfully I have
enjoyed it. Let me say to you, get
the court organized and proceed
one step at a time. Gentlemen, I
shall miss your happy faces. When
shall we meet again?

"The latch string is always hang-
ing out, Mr. Carnegie," said chair-

man Stanley.

"Well if I ever get another
of those signatures of yours to an of-
ficial summons," said the iron mas-
ter, "I will be at your disposal—
unless, of course, my counsel ob-
jects."

A Pair to Pair.

The lower branch of the Kentucky
Legislature has two members bear-
ing the name of James A. Leech.
One is a Democrat and the other
is a Republican.—Hopkinsville Ken-
tuckian.

Will someone kindly take out the
howler for an old fashioned winter
to the nearest woodshed and do that
which ought to be done unto him?—
Owensboro Monitor.

The motion meets with a hearty
second in the office of the Big
Sandy News.

WHAT IT COST "BIG OLLIE."

Senator-elect Ollie M. James filed
with the Secretary of the United
States Senate a sworn statement
showing the amount expended in the
procurement of his election.

James declares that the only cam-
paign contribution which he re-
ceived came from Representative
James M. Lloyd, as chairman of the
Democratic Congressional Committee
who gave \$750.

The candidate for Senator him-
self contributed \$2,000 to the Demo-
cratic Campaign Committee. A
check for \$1,000 was drawn to the
order of J. N. Camden, the trans-
acter, and one for a like amount to
R. M. Vinasant, the chairman of
the committee.

This was all that the election
cost him except that after the elec-
tion P. S. Maxwell, chairman of
Crittenden county, informed him of
a doleful in his county fund amount-
ing to \$72.66, for which amount
James sent him a check.

"JOHN JORDAN."

Is John Jordan, who hulled from
the "head of Blaine," still living?

Who is or who was John Jordan,
did you say?

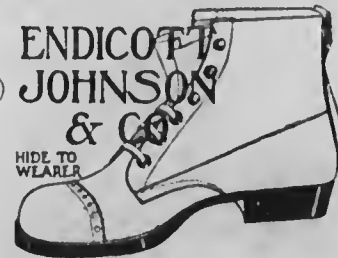
Why in the stories that are
being printed in a number of the
newspapers in the country, con-
cerning the civil war, the story of
General Garfield's engagement with
General Humphrey Marshall, at
Middle Creek, is told in which it
is related that one John Jordan,

"from the head of Blaine," volun-
teered to carry a dispatch from
Garfield to Colonel Cranor, of the
40th Ohio regiment, that was station-
ed at Paris. The story of Jordan's
adventure is a graphic one and it
would be interesting to know if
Jordan is still alive.

The dispatch that Jordan carried
was sent to Colonel Cranor order-
ing him to proceed to Prestonsburg
where Garfield expected to engage
residents of this valley.

THE BEAUTIFUL

There are four notable mentions
of snow. The first of these is in
the fourth chapter of Exodus, and
then all will remember that "It
shows cries the school boy." Then,
again, comes the fellow who wrote
"Beautiful Snow." He was killed and
decently buried in an unknown
grave.



WINTER GOODS.

**Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats,
Clothing, Shoes, Etc.**

**Buy Now. Winter is not half
over.**

W. L. FERGUSON & Co
MAIN STREET, LOUISA, KENTUCKY

Extraordinary Reductions Now in Force.

A Real Sale of Unusual Interest.

We have long ago discarded the idea of having sales by the attitude. When the end of the season is in sight we have such a sale, it matters not the date on the calendar. These are final prices on merchandise that has maintained the highest standard of excellence throughout the season and the present opportunity to purchase at such savings as the sale affords will be heeded by many of our customers who know what an offer of this kind means at our store.

Garments at Half Price.

All womens and misses Tailored Suits reduced to Half Price.
All womens and misses Wool Dresses are now at Half Price.
Choice of all Silk Costumes for this sale at Half Price.
Entire stock of Evening and Chiffon Dresses at Half Price.
Choice of all our fine Caracul Coats in all sizes at Half Price.
Choice of ladies Plush, Velour and Caracul Coats at Half Price.
Half Price offer on our entire line of winter Wool Sweaters.
One special lot of good Skirts are reduced to choice at Half Price.
One lot of Chiffon Waists are reduced to half price for this sale.
One lot of Muslin Petticoats from \$3.00 to \$6.00 for Half Price.
One lot of colored Heatherbloom petticoats are reduced to Half Price.

Other Attractive Specials Offered.

In addition to all these exceptionally fine half-price offers there are numerous others that are equally attractive although the reduction is somewhat smaller than are offered in the above items.

One lot of Fancy Silk Waists at \$3.75 will demand attention and will offer something unusual in the silk waist line. One lot of Silk Petticoats at \$3.75 will also be a center of attraction on our second floor.

Come to this sale event expecting something unusual, we never disappoint and the offerings are unusually inviting and the price as low as we ever quote in sales of this magnitude and character.

The Anderson-Newcomb Company

The Big Store

On Third Avenue

Huntington, W. Va.

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

COLUMN DEDICATED TO TIRED MOTHERS AS THEY JOIN THE HOME CIRCLE.

It is said that one night, when some English soldiers were shivering in the cold of a Crimean winter a band struck up the familiar tune, "Home! Sweet Home!" then they all burst out sobbing, because the air went straight to their hearts. Yes! "There is no place like home." One of the sweetest words in the English language is that little word, "Home."

Home should be—

"A world of strife shut out;
A world of love shut in."

Home is a haven of rest to a man after hard day's work. Mother you may be tired after a trying day with the children, but remember that others have trying days too. Father has been in the office all day pouring over business perplexities or financial problems but now he locks the office door and with a sigh of relief he thinks of his loved ones and turns his face towards the rest and peace of home. Don't meet him at the door with a look on your face that would stop an eight day clock. Greet him with a smile, make him feel that home is the sweetest and most restful place on earth.

Be courteous in the home. Husband, treat your wife like a lady in the home as well as on the street. If you want your boy to be "a little gentleman" when he is away from home, he must have example as well as precept in the home. Example will do more for the boy and girl than any book on rules of etiquette.

Don't forget that nine-tenths of the happiness you will ever have, you will get at home. We talk about being independent, but the independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet of the harbor of home where he can rest in peace with his family, is an independence that is real.

Wood's Seeds For 1912.

Our New Descriptive Catalog is fully up-to-date, and tells all about the best

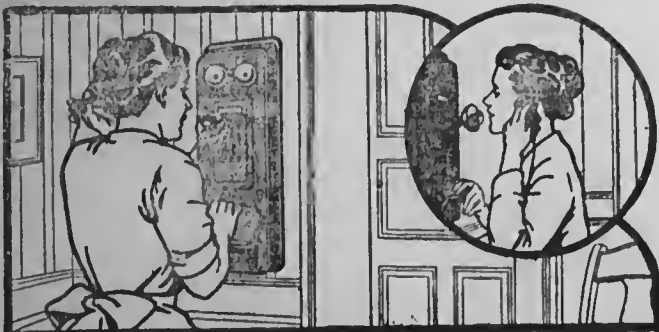
Garden and Farm Seeds.

Every farmer and gardener should have a copy of this catalog, which has long been recognized as a standard authority, for the full and complete information which it gives.

We are headquarters for Grass and Clover Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Seed Oats, Cow Peas, Soja Beans and all Farm Seeds.

Wood's Descriptive Catalog mailed free on request. Write for it.

T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.



A Constant Protection

A telephone on the Farm affords the Farmer's family freedom from isolation as well as protection in the absence of the men.

Mr. S. S. Lee, of Blanch, N. C., writes: "Some time ago one of our friends' husband was compelled to be off until ten o'clock at night. During that time no one was in the house but his wife. She talked to us all up and down the line, and each family was ready to go to her at a minute's notice. She said she was so glad she had a phone, as she would not feel at all lonely."

Write for our free booklet and see how little it costs to have a telephone on your Farm. Address

Farmers Line Department

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY
97 South Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.



Oh! fierce is the heat
And weary is the street,
And all day long
It is work, work, work;
But farewell work
When twilight's come,
And the heart turns home,
Oh! the nest for the bird
And the hive for the bee;
And home, home, home
For my dearies and me.

It does not make much difference whether you own your house or home but one little room in that house you can make that little room a home to you. You can furnish it with such beautifying thoughts, you can turn it to it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home.

Wife, your power in the home is unlimited. You are its queen. There at least, you sway is undisputed. There is nothing that can so lift a man up—that can inspire him to great achievement, as the feeling that he has at his side a woman whom he can truly love whom he can fully trust, and at whose feet he may bow in highest respect. You intensify his joy and blunt the keen edge of his sorrow. It is true that it takes a grand woman to do this but you can be that grand woman.

Young man, when you think of making a home and seek a mate, look for the permanent qualities. Beauty is only skin deep; character is eternal. The Madonna face is beautiful, but when you look closely you find that it is beauty of expression. It shows love, gentleness. There would be the womanly arms in which you would want to lay your head when all the world is fading from your sight. Her fingers may never have written a sentence that will live, but it is those fingers that you love and will want to close your eyes in the last sleep.

A Bundle of Precepts Quoted From the Pages of an Ancient Book

Honor the father and the mother; love the wife; reverence the husband; provoke not the children to wrath; be kindly affectionate one toward another; tender hearted, pitiful, forgiving, forbearing one to another in love; showing mercy with cheerfulness; in honor preferring one another; rejoicing and weeping in sympathy; striving for peaceable living; not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing.

Careful observance of these rules would drive out all jealousies and jealousies which rob the home of its peace and order.

We are glad to see and know of young men, either as individuals or in organizations, who are using the golden hours of youth in suitable endeavor to fit themselves for useful honorable and christianlike manhood; and for young men who spend their leisure and evenings in profitable employments, study or company. We are deeply sorry for any young man who adopts the opposite course, because we know his future will be made less useful and happy by it, popular though it may be; and, alas is, to a deplorable extent. We would not by any means abridge and lawful enjoyments or recreations we are not advocating a hermit life, or low and selfish exclusiveness—not at all. Let our young men be buoyant of spirit, active, joyous and sociable.

but always under the wholesome restraints that high aims, noble purposes, and moral and religious motives impose without oppressing and that are intelligently recognized and cheerfully accepted by them.

The soothing spray of Ely's Cream Balm, used in an atomizer, is an unspeakable relief to sufferers from Catarrh. Some of them describe it as a Godsend, and no wonder. The thick, foamy discharge is dislodged and the patient breathes freely, perhaps for the first time in weeks. Liquid Cream Balm contains all the healing, purifying elements of the solid form, and it never fails to satisfy. Sold by all druggists for 75c., including spraying tube, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren St., New York.

HOLINGTON, KANSAS.

Times are very dull in this country at present. Railroad is very slack; several crews are laid off and the new shops are shut down 500 men out of employment. But there is talk of putting some of them back in a few days.

The Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Co., of New York, is going to build three more new shop buildings.

I must tell the Kentucky people about the big snow just two weeks ago. The snow ranged from 8 to 18 inches deep there being about 12 inches in Barton county. Since that time there has been two more making about four inches more. This is all still on the ground. Old farmers say that we have the best prospects for a big wheat crop next year that we have had for several years. We have had some of the coldest weather for the past month that we have had for several years. Just reading in the NEWS this morning, where Uncle Al Hays had been losing agnate more fresh meat. If Uncle Al is that liberal with hams I wish he would send a few out West. We gladly pay him a big price. It seems that Uncle Al is having some bad luck.

M. F. Ross, No. 546 5th St.
Hollingston, Kans.

Persons troubled with partial paralysis are often very much benefited by massaging the affected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This Liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

INFORMATION WANTED.

85th Beward.

The above reward will be paid by Mrs. Emma A. Bargamin, post-office Rio Vista, Va., for information as to the whereabouts of her son, CHARLES A. BARGAMIN who disappeared from this city April 19, 1911. At this time it was thought by his friends that the missing man was suffering mentally on account of some business troubles. That as there are no criminal charges against him in the possession of the Police Department, his continued absence has caused great anxiety to both his family and friends as to his safety, and it is desired to have him communicate with his distressed mother.

Occupation: Plumbing Supplies. Description: Age, 33 years; height, 6 feet 1 inch; weight about 150 lbs; complexion dark; smooth face, but could raise heavy, dark beard; inclined to be round shouldered. Wore eyeglasses.

Newspapers are earnestly requested to publish this circular. Address all communications to LOUIS WEINER, Chief of Police, Richmond, Va.

When you want a reliable medicine for a cough or cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

THE BURCHETT BOYS CORN.

I used about one-fourth of an acre of old matured sod. Clay land, tamed under in February, 1911.

Harrowed with disk harrow about the first of April. Harrowed again with disk about the first of May, harrowed with tooth harrow in ten days. Planted 15th of May with corn planter, worked first time with weeder. When about 3 inches high worked again with weeder in about eight days. Worked 3rd time with 5 plow, cultivator. Shallow cultivation, worked fourth time same cultivation and laid by. Cultivation about eight days apart, kept weeds cut down, pulled and topped fodder when about half brown. Earl and Oyle Burchette.

TOM RISE'S CORN.

This ground was low and sandy, and in cowpens last year. There are three apple trees in the corn. May 16 plowed ground and harrowed and planted 1 day, 1.50; June 9 hoed and plowed corn 3-4 day, 1.00; May 22 rain on corn; June 23 rain on

Home and Farm Supplies

Stoves

We can supply your needs in coal and gas stoves at the lowest prices. Cook stoves and heating stoves, ranges, etc.

Paint

The fall is the best time to paint your house, because of the scarcity of flies and gnats. Also the house needs this protection from the winter rains and storms. We have the best grades made, and also cheaper paints.

Hardware and Cutlery

There is no article in the hardware line that we do not carry. This includes tools of all kinds for mechanics and farmers.

Miscellaneous

Our line of harness is complete and attractive in style and price. Batteries for telephones and gas engines. Fresh stock. Gasoline and oils of all kinds.



Wagons

The famous Birdsell Wagons kept in stock at all times. They are guaranteed and give satisfaction right along. Prices moderate.

Machinery

We sell mills of all kinds—Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Cane Mills, Engines, Rollers, etc. We can save you money.

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KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH,"
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MEYLL.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Jack Keith, a typical border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for passing war parties of savages. Keith had won his spurs as captain in a Virginia regiment during the civil war. He had left the service to find his old southern home in Texas, his friends scattered, and the fascination of wild western life had allured him. He outlines a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

CHAPTER II—When Keith reaches the wagon the riders have massacred two men, shot the horses and departed. He searches the victims' clothing papers and a pocket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

CHAPTER III—Keith reaches Carson City and is arrested there charged with murdering and robbing the two travelers. His prisoner is given as Black Bart, a notorious ruffian.

CHAPTER IV—Keith can readily swear the crime on Keith. The latter goes to jail fully realizing the peril of such a charge. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Ned and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia.

CHAPTER V—Neb knows about the two murdered men from the description by Keith. He says one was John Wiley, the other Gen. Wm. Wadsworth, formerly a soldier in the Confederate army.

CHAPTER VI—The plainsman and his female friend escape from the cell.

CHAPTER VII—The two fugitives become lost in the sand desert.

CHAPTER VIII—They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant, a beautiful young girl. Keith recognizes her as a singer he saw at Carson City.

CHAPTER IX—The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. She had met a Mr. Hawley, who had induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother.

CHAPTER X—Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding conspires with the mysterious Black Bart. Hawley tries to shake him to the girl.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fight in the Dark.

Had the room been filled with men Keith could have restrained himself no longer. Whatever her past might be, this woman appealed to him strangely; he could not believe evil of her; he would have died if need be in her defense. But it was, the lady boast of Hawley gave confidence in the final outcome of this struggle in the dark, even a possibility of escape for them all. The gambler, assured of being confronted merely by a frail and not over-scrupulous woman, had ventured there alone; had stationed his men beyond sound; had doubtless instructed them to ignore any noise of struggle which they might overhear within. It was these very arrangements for evil which now afforded opportunity, and Keith crept forward, alert and ready, his teeth clenched, his hands bare for contest. Even although he surprised his antagonist, it was going to be a fight for life; he knew "Black Bart," broad-shouldered, quick as a cat, accustomed to every form of physical exercise, desperate and tricky, using either knife or gun recklessly. Yet it was now or never for all of them, and the plainsman felt no mercy, experienced no reluctance, he reached the table, and straightened up, silent, expectant. For an instant there was no further sound; no evidence of movement in the room. Hawley, puzzled by the silence, was listening intently in an endeavor to locate the girl through some rustling, some slight motion. A knife, flicked from the table, perhaps, as she slipped softly past, fell clattering to the floor, and the gambler leaped instantly forward. Keith's grip closed like iron on his groping arm, while he shot one fist out toward where the man's head should be. The blow glanced, yet drove the fellow backward, stumbling against the table, and Keith closed in, grappling for the throat. The other, startled by the unexpected attack, and scarcely realising even yet the nature of his antagonist, struggled blindly to escape the fingers clawing at him, and flung one hand down to the knife in his belt. Warned by the movement, the assailant drove his head into the gambler's chest, sending him crashing to the floor, falling himself heavily upon the "prostrate" body. Hawley gave utterance to one cry, half throttled in his throat, and then the two grappled fiercely, so interlocked together as to make weapons useless. Whether the assailant might be, the gambler was fully aware by now that he was being crushed in the grasp of a fighting man, and exerted every wrestler's trick, every ounce of strength, to break free, he struggled to his knees, only to be hurled backward by relentless force he hurled Keith aside the plainsman's muscles to steel, and he gradually slipped in order to strike a blow had sufficient breath left to utter a sound. They fought for life, silently, dog-like wild beasts, with no thought to injure the other. The teeth sank into Keith's arm, latter in return jammed the nail back into the pug-nose. Perspiration streamed from bodies, their fingers clutched, limbs wrapped together,

their muscles strained to the utmost. Keith had forgotten the girl, the negro, everything, dominated by the one passion to conquer. He was swept by a storm of hatred, a desire to kill. In their fierce struggle the two had rolled close to the fire place, and in the dull glow of the dying embers, he could perceive a faint outline of the man's face. The sight added flame to his mad passion, yet he could do nothing except to cling to him, fumbling his fingers into the straining throat.

The negro ended the affair in his own way, clawing blindly at the combatants in the darkness, and finally, determining which was the enemy, he struck the gambler with the stock of his gun, laying him out unconscious. Keith, grasping the table, hauled himself in his feet, gasping for breath, certain only that Hawley was no longer struggling. For an instant all was blank, a mist of black vapor, then a realization of their situation came back in sudden flood of remembrance. Even yet he could see nothing, but felt the motionless figure at his feet.

"Quick," he urged, the instant he could make himself speak. "The fel-



They Were Fighting for Life Silently, Desperately.

low is only stunned; we must tie and gag him. Is that you, Ned? Where is the girl?

"I am here, Captain Keith," and he heard the soft rustle of her dress across the room. "What is it I may do?"

"A coil of rope, or some straps, with a piece of cloth; anything you can lay hands on."

She was some moments at it, confused by the darkness, and Hawley moved slightly, his labored breathing growing plainly perceptible. Keith heard her groping toward him, and held out his hands. She started as he thus unexpectedly touched her, yet made no effort to break away.

"You—you frightened me a little," she confessed. "This has all happened so quickly I hardly realize yet just what has occurred."

"The action has only really begun," he assured her, still retaining his hold upon her hand. "This was merely a preliminary skirmish, and you must prepare to hear your part in what follows. We have settled Mr. Hawley for the present, and now must deal with his gang."

"Oh, what would I have done if you had not been here?"

"Let us not think about that; we were here, and now have a busy night before us if we get away safely. Give me the rope first. Good! Here, Ned, you must know how to use this—not too tight, but without leaving any place for the knife out of your belt."

Now for the cloth, Ned. Please do not call me that!"

"But you said I didn't make any difference what I called you."

"I thought it didn't then, but it does now."

"Oh, I see; we are already on a new footing. Yet I must call you something."

She hesitated just long enough for him to notice it. Either she had no substitute ready at hand, or else doubted the advisability of confiding her real name under present circumstances to one so nearly a stranger.

"You may call me Hope."

"A name certainly of good omen," he returned. "From this moment I shall forget Christie MacLure, and remember only Miss Hope. All right, Ned; now turn over a chair, and sit your man up against it. He will rest all the easier in that position until his gang arrives."

He thrust his head out of the door, peering cautiously forth into the night, and listening. A single horse, probably the one Hawley had been riding, was tied to a dwarfed cottonwood near the corner of the cabin. Nothing else living was visible.

"I am going to round up our horses, and learn the condition of Hawley's outfit," he announced in a low voice.

It may be gone for fifteen or twenty minutes, and meanwhile, Miss Hope, get ready for a long tale. Ned, stand near close beside the door, and if any one tries to come in brush him with your gun-stock. I'll rap three thumps when I return."

He slipped out into the silent night, and crept cautiously around the end of the dark cabin. The distinct change in the girl's attitude of friendship toward him, her every evident desire that he should think well of her, together with the providential opportunity for escape, had left him full of confidence. The gambler had played blindly into their hands, and Keith was quick enough to accept the advantage. It was a risk to himself, to be sure, thus turning again to the northward, yet the clear duty he owed the girl left such a choice almost im-

perative. He certainly could not drag her along with him on his flight into the wild Comanche country extending beyond the Canadian. She must, at the very least, be first returned to the protection of the semi-civilization along the Arkansas. After that had been accomplished, he would consider his own safety. He wondered if Hope really was his name, and whether it was the family cognomen, or her given name. That she was Christie MacLure he had no question, yet that artistic embellishment was probably merely assumed for the work of the concert hall. Both he and Hawley could scarcely be mistaken as to her identity in this respect, and, indeed, she had never openly denied the fact. Yet she did not at all seem to be that kind, and Keith mentally contrasted her with numerous others whom he had somewhat ultimately known along the border circuit. It was difficult to associate her with that class; she must have come originally from some excellent family East, and been driven to the life by necessity; she was more to be pitied than blamed. Keith held no puritanical views of life—his own experience had been too rough and demoralizing for that—yet he clung tenaciously to an ideal of womanhood which could not be lowered. However interested he might otherwise feel, no Christie MacLure could ever find entrance into the depths of his heart, where dwelt alone the memory of his mother.

He found the other horses turned into the corral, and was able, from their restless movements, to decide their unnumbered eight. A fire, nearly extinguished, glowed dimly at the farther corner of the enclosure, and he crawled close enough to distinguish the recumbent forms of men sleeping about it on the ground. Apparently no guard had been set, the fellows being worn out from their long ride, and confident of safety in this isolated spot. Besides, Hawley had probably assumed that duty, and told them to get whatever sleep they could. However, the gate of the corral opened here, and Keith dare not venture upon coming any of their camp, or leading them out past where they slept. There might be clippers in the cabin with which he could cut the wires, yet if one of the guards awoke, and discovered the horse about it would result in an alarm, and lead to early pursuit. It was far safer to use their own ponies. He would lead Hawley's horse quietly through the water, and they could proceed on the other shore. This plan settled, he went at it swiftly, riding the captured animal while rounding up the others, and fastening the three to stunted trees on the opposite bank. Everything within the cabin remained exactly as he had left it, and he briefly explained the situation, examining Hawley's hands again carefully while doing so.

"He'll remain there all right until his men find him," he declared, positively. "And that ought to give us a good six hours' start. Come, Miss Hope, every minute counts now."

He held her arm, not unconscious of its round shapeliness, as he helped her down the rather steep bank through the dense gloom. Then the two men joined hands, and carrying her between them, waded the shallow stream. The horses, not yet sufficiently rested to be frisky, accepted their burdens meekly enough, and, with scarcely a word spoken, the three rode away silently into the gloom of the night.

CHAPTER XII.

Through the Night Shadows.

Keith had very little to guide him, as he could not determine whether the mysterious cabin on the Salt Fork was to east or west of the usual cattle trail leading down to the Canadian. Yet he felt reasonably assured that the general trend of the country lying between the smaller stream and the valley of the Arkansas would be similar to that with which he was already acquainted. It was merely a wild stretch of sandy desolation, across which their horses would leave scarce any trail, and even that little would be quickly obliterated by the first puff of wind. As they drew in toward the river valley this plain would change into sand dunes, baffling and confusing, but no matter how hard they pressed forward, it must be daylight long before they could hope to reach these, and this would give him opportunity to spy out some familiar landmark which would guide them to the ford. Meanwhile, he must head as directly north as possible, trusting the horses to lead footing.

It was plains instinct, or rather long training in the open, which enabled him to retain any true sense of direction, for beyond the narrow fringe of cottonwoods along the stream, nothing was visible, the eyes scarcely able even to distinguish where earth and sky met. They advanced across a bare level, without elevation or depression, yet the sand appeared sufficiently solid, so that their horses were forced into a swaying lopsided, and they seemed to fairly press aside the black curtain, which as instantly swung shut once more, and closed them in. The pounding hoofs made little noise, and they pressed steadily onward, closely bunched together, so as not to lose each other, dim, spectral shadows flitting through the night, a very part of that grim desolation surrounding them. No one of the three felt like speaking; the gloomy, brooding desert oppressed them, their vagrant thoughts assuming the tinge of their surroundings; their hope centered on escape. Keith rode, grasping the reins of the woman's horse in his left hand, and bending low in vain effort at picking a path. He had nothing to him toward, yet sturdy confidence in his

expert plainscraft yielded him sufficient sense of direction. He had noted the bark of the cottonwoods, the direction of the wind, and steered a course accordingly straight northward, alert to avert any variation.

The girl rode easily, although in a man's saddle, the stirrups much too long. Keith glanced aside with swift approval at the erectness with which she sat, the loosened rein in her hand, the slight swaying of her form. He could appreciate horsemanship, and the easy manner in which she rode relieved him of one anxiety. It even caused him to break the silence.

"You are evidently accustomed to riding, Miss Hope."

She glanced across at him through the darkness, as though suddenly surprised from thought, her words not coming quickly.

"I cannot remember when I first mounted a horse; in earliest childhood, surely, although I have not ridden much of late. This one is like a rocking chair."

"He belonged to your friend, Mr. Hawley."

She drew a quick breath, her face again turned forward.

"Who—who is that man? Do you know?"

"I possess a passing acquaintance," he answered, uncertain yet how much to tell her, but tempted to reveal all in test of her real character. "Few do not who live along the Kansas border."

"Do you mean he is a notoriously bad character?"

"I have never heard of his being held up as a model to the young, Miss Hope," he returned more soberly, convinced that she truly possessed no real knowledge regarding the man, and was not merely pretending innocence. "I had never heard him called Hawley before, and, therefore, failed to recognize him under that respectable name. But I knew his voice the moment he entered the cabin, and realized that some devilment was afoot. Every town along this frontier has his record, and I've met him maybe a dozen times in the past three years. He is known as 'Black Bart'; is a gambler by profession, a desperado by reputation, and a cur by nature. Just now I suspect him of being even deeper in the mire than this."

He could tell by the quick clapping of her hands on the pommel of the saddle the effect of his words, but waited until the silence compelled her to speak.

"Oh, I didn't know! You do not believe that I ever suspected such a thing? That I ever met him there understanding who he was?"

"No, I do not," he answered. "What I overheard between you convinced me you were the victim of deceit. But your going to that place alone was a foolish recklessness."

He lifted her hand to her eyes, his head drooping forward.

"Isn't it what he told me—the art of a ranch?"

"No; I have ridden this country for years, and there is no ranch pasturing cattle along the Salt Fork. Miss Hope, I want you to comprehend what it is you have escaped from; what you are now feeling from. Within the last two years an apparently organized body of outlaws have been operating throughout this entire region. Often disguised as Indians, they have terrorized the Santa Fe trail for two hundred miles, killing travelers in small parties, and driving off stock. There are few ranches as far west as this, but these have all suffered from raids. These fellows have done more to precipitate the present Indian war than any act of the savages. They have endeavored to make the authorities believe that Indians were guilty of their deeds of murder and robbery. Both troops and volunteers have tried to hold the gang up, but they scatter and disappear, as though swallowed by the desert. I have been out twice, hard on their trail, only to come back baffled. Now, I think accident has given me the clue."

She straightened up; glancing questioningly at him through the darkness.

"This is what I mean, Miss Hope. I suspect that cabin to be the rendezvous of those fellows, and I half believe Hawley to be their leader."

"Then you will report all this to the authorities?"

He smiled grimly, his lips compressed.

"I hardly think so; at least, not for the present. I am not blood-thirsty, or enamored of man-hunting, but I happen to have a personal interest in this particular affair which I should prefer to settle alone." He paused, swiftly reviewing the circumstances of their short acquaintance, and as suddenly determined to trust her discretion. Deep down in his heart he rather wanted her to know. "The fact of the matter is, that Ned and I here were the ones that particular posse were trailing."

"You!" her voice faltered. "He said those men were under arrest for murder, and had broken jail."

"He also said it was easy to convict men in this country if you only knew how. It is true we broke jail, but only in order to save our lives; it was the only way. Technically, we are outlaws, and now run the risk of immediate re-arrest by returning north of the Arkansas. We came to you fugitives; I was charged with murder, the negro with assault. So, you see, Miss Hope, the desperate class of men you are now associating with."

The slight bitterness in his tone stung the girl into resentment. She was looking straight at him, but in the gloom he could not discern the expression of her eyes.

"I don't believe it," she exclaimed decisively, "you—you do not look like that!"

"My appearance may be sufficient to

convince you," he returned, rather dryly, "but would weigh little before a Western court. Unfortunately, the evidences were strong against me; or would have been had the case ever come to a trial. The strange thing about it was that both warrants were sworn out by the same complainant, and apparently for a similar purpose—'Black Bart' Hawley."

"What purpose?"

"To keep us from telling what we knew regarding a certain crime, in which either he, or some of his intimate friends, were deeply interested."

"But it would all come out at the trial, wouldn't it?"

"There was to be no trial; Judge Lynch settles the majority of such cases out here at present. It is extremely simple. Listen, and I will tell you the story."

He reviewed briefly those occurrences leading directly up to his arrest, saying little regarding the horrors of that scene witnessed near the Cimmaron Crossing, but making sufficiently clear his very slight connection with it, and the reason those who were guilty of the crime were so anxious to get him out of the way. She listened intently, asking few questions, until he ended. Then they both looked up, conscious that dawn was becoming gray in the east. Keith's first thought was one of relief—the bright sky showed him they were riding straight north.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Ford of the Arkansas.

They were still in the midst of the yellow featureless plain, but the weary horses had slowed down to a walk, the heavy sand retarding progress. It was a gloomy, depressing scene in the spectral gray light, a wide circle of intense loneliness, unbroken by either dwarfed shrub or bunch of grass, a barren expanse stretching to the sky. Vague cloud shadows seemed to flit across the level surface, assuming fantastic shapes, but all of the same dull coloring, imperfect and unfinished. Nothing seemed tangible or real, but rather some grotesque picture of delirium, ever merging into another yet more hideous. The very silence of those surrounding wastes seemed burdensome, adding immeasurably to the horror. They were but specks crawling underneath the sky—the only living, moving objects in all that immense circle of desolation and death.

Keith turned in his saddle, looking back just now—who swayed in his seat, with head lolling on his breast as though asleep, his horse plodding after the others—along the slight trail they had made across the desert. So far as eye could reach nothing moved, nothing apparently existed. Fronting again to the north he looked upon the same grim barrenness, only that far off, against the lighter background of distant sky, there was visible a faint blur, a bluish haze, which he believed to be the distant sand dunes bordering the Arkansas. The intense dreariness of it all left a feeling of depression. His eyes turned and regarded the girl riding silently beside him. The same look of depression was visible upon her face, and she was gazing off into the dull distance with lack-luster eyes, her slender form leaning forward, her hands clasped across the pommel. The king weariness of the night had left traces on her young face, robbing it of some of its freshness, yet Keith found it more attractive in the growing daylight than amid the lamp shadows of the evening before. He had not previously realized the peculiar clearness of her complexion, the rose tint showing through the olive skin, or the soft and silky fineness of her hair, which, disarranged, was strangely becoming under the broad brim of the hat she wore, drawn low until it shadowed her eyes. It was not a face to be easily associated with frontier concert halls, or any surrender to evil; the chin round and firm, the lips full, yet sufficiently compressed; the whole expression that of pure and dignified womanhood. She puzzled him, and he scarcely knew what to believe, or exactly how to act toward her.

"Our friends back yonder should be turning out from the corral by now," he said, finally, anxious to break the silence, for she had not spoken since he ended his tale. "It will not be long until they discover Hawley's predicament, and perhaps the welkin already rings with profanity. That may even account for the blue bazo out yonder."

She turned her eyes toward him, and the slightest trace of a smile appeared from out of the depths of their weariness.

"If they would only remain satisfied with that. Will they follow us, do you think? And are we far enough away by this time to be safe?"

"It is hardly likely they will let us escape without a chase," he answered slowly. "We possess too much information now that we have their rendezvous located, and 'Black Bart' will have a private grudge to revenge. I wonder if he suspects who attacked him? But don't worry, Miss Hope; we have miles the start, and the wind has been strong enough to cover our trail. Do you see that dark irregularity ahead?"

"Yes; is it a cloud?"

"No; the Arkansas sand dunes. I am using it to try to keep the horses moving until we arrive there. Then we will halt and cut whatever Neb has packed behind him, and rest for an hour or two. You look very tired, but I hope you can keep up for that distance. We shall be safely out of sight then."

"Indeed, I am tired; the strain of waiting alone in that cabin, and all that happened last night, have tried me awfully. But—but I can go through."

Her voice proved her weakness, although it was determined enough, and Keith, yielding to sudden impulse, put out his hand, and permitted it to rest upon hers, clasped across the pommel. Her eyes dropped, but there was no change of posture.

"Your nerve is all right," he said, admiringly, "you have shown yourself a brave girl."

"I could not be a coward, and be my father's daughter," she replied, with an odd accent of pride in her choking voice, "but I have been afraid, and—and I am still."

"Of what? Surely, not that those fellows will ever catch up with us?"

"No, I hardly know what, only there is a dread I cannot seem to shake off, as if some evil impended, the coming of which I can feel, but not see. Have you ever experienced any such premonition?"

He laughed, withdrawing his hand.

"I think not. I am far too prosaic a mortal to allow dreams to worry me. So far I have discovered sufficient trouble in real life to keep my brain active. Even now I cannot forget how hungry I am."

She did not answer, comprehending how useless it would be to explain, and a little ashamed of her own ill-defined fears, and thus they rode on in silence. He did not notice that she glanced aside at him shyly, marking the outline of his clear-cut features, it was a manly face, strong, alive, full of character, the well-shaped head, firmly poised, the broad shoulders squared in spite of the long night of weary exertion. The depths of her eyes brightened with appreciation.

"I believe your story, Mr. Keith," she said at last softly.

"My story?" questioningly, and turning instantly toward her.

"Yes; all that you have told me about what happened."

"Oh; I had almost forgotten having told it, but I never felt any doubt but what you would believe. I don't think I could lie to you."

It was no compliment, but spoken with such evident honesty that her eyes met his with frankness.

"There could be no necessity; only I wanted you to know that I trust you, and am grateful."

She extended her hand this time, and he took it within his own, holding it firmly, yet without knowing what to answer. There was strong impulse within him to question her, to learn then and there her own life story. Yet, somehow, this reticence of the girl restrained him; he could not deliberately probe beneath the veil she kept lowered between them. Until she chose to lift it herself voluntarily, he possessed no right to intrude. The gentlemanly instincts of younger years held him silent, realizing clearly that whatever secret might dominate her life, it was hers to conceal just so long as she pleased. Out of this swift struggle of repression he managed to say:

"I appreciate your confidence, and mean to prove worthy. Perhaps some day I can bring you the proofs."

"I need none other than your own word."

"Oh, but possibly you are too easily convinced; you believed in Hawley."

She looked at him searchingly, her eyes glowing, her cheeks flushed.

"Yes," she said slowly, convincingly. "I know I did; I was so anxious to be helped, but—but this is different."

It was noon, the sun pitiless and hot above them, before they straggled within the partial shelter of the sand dunes, and sank wearily down to their meager lunch. Their supply of water was limited, and the exhausted ponies must wait until they reached the river to quench their thirst. Yet this was very far off now, and Keith had seen enough of their surroundings to locate the position of the ford. Slow as they must proceed, three hours more would surely bring them to the bank of the stream. They discussed their plans briefly as the three sat together on the warm sand, revived both by the food and the brief rest. There was not a great deal to be determined, only where the girl should be left, and how the two men had better proceed to escape observation.

Fort Larned was the nearest and safest place for their charge, none of the party expressing any desire to adventure themselves within the immediate neighborhood of Carson City. What her future plans might be were not revealed, and Keith forbore any direct questioning. His duty plainly ended with placing her in a safe environment, and he felt convinced that Mrs. Murphy, of the Occidental Hotel, would furnish room, and, if necessary, companionship. The sole problem remaining—after she had rather listlessly agreed to such an arrangement—was to so plan the details as to permit the negro and himself to slip through the small town clustered about the post, without attracting undue attention. No doubt, the story of their escape had already reached there, embellished by telling, and serious trouble might result from discovery. Keith was surprised at the direct interest she exhibited in these arrangements, merely signifying her acquiescence by a word, but he charged it to physical weariness, and the reaction from her night of peril; yet he took pains to explain fully his plan, and to gain her consent.

This finally settled, they mounted again and rode on through the lanes traversing the sand dunes, keeping headed as straight as possible toward the river. The ford sought was some miles down stream, but with the horses' thirst mitigated, they made excellent progress, and arrived at the spot early in the evening. Not in all the day had they encountered a living object, or seen a moving thing amid the surrounding desolation. Now, looking across to the north, a few gleaming lights told of Fort Larned perched upon the opposite bluffs.

(To be continued next week.)

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HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA.MONEY
IN
TRAPPING
FURS

We tell you how, and pay best market prices. We are dealers established in 1886, and can do BETTER for you than agents or commission merchants. References any bank in Louisville. Write for weekly price list.

M. SABEL & SONS
227-29-31 & 33 E. Market St. LOUISVILLE, KY.
Dealers in FURS, HIDES, WOOL.

WITTE ENGINES

USE GAS, GASOLINE OR KEROSENE
Are known by a superior standard of construction. 25 years of service has demonstrated their worth. Does much better work than any other engine. Inducement to introduce in new localities. Write stating also wanted.

WITTE IRON WORKS CO.
341 East 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.

GLADYS.

School closed at this place Jan. 6th, with Mr. R. G. Johnson teacher.

Lillie Wellman has returned from Kenova.

Thomas Jaffe and sister Janie and Rebecca were visiting relatives at Hicksville last week.

Mrs. Herbert Diamond was the guest of home folks the other day.

Ora Wheeler left Monday for Louisa, where he will attend the K. N. C.

Vessie Jobe of Oslo, was on our creek recently.

Messrs. Jake Arrington, Hilory and Charlie Adams have left for merrymen, W. Va.

Mrs. Hermie Chaffins of Irad was visiting her mother at this place last Saturday and Sunday.

Jas. and John Compton have returned home.

W. S. Pennington was in Louisa last Friday.

Haskol Wright, is very low with pneumonia.

Several from this place attended the last day of school at Hicksville last Thursday.

There will be church at Compton. The third-Saturday night and Sunday last.

Jackson Sizemore of Willard was visiting friends here recently.

Harrison Kitchen, who has been gone for some time has returned home.

Several from this place attended the birthday party given by Miss Ollie Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Ekers and children passed down our creek Wednesday.

Misses Sophia and Mary Pennington were visiting Misses Bonah McKloney and Mae Chaffins at Hicksville last week.

There will be church at Compton the 1st Saturday night and Sunday, in Feb. by Rev. Jesse and William Ledingham.

Mary Pennington was at Dennis Monday.

Messrs. Nora and Ada Cooksey were visiting their cousin here Wednesday.

Miss Dora Arrington is staying with her sister, Mrs. Adams at this place.

Doanle Wright is expected home soon from Ohio, where he has been working for some time.

Miss Sophia Pennington was the guest of her friend Miss Pearl Kitchen Sunday.

W. S. Pennington is digging coal at A. J. Cooksey's.

Green and Boh Kitchen have returned home.

Grandma Howell is very low at this writing.

Rebecca Arrington was at Gladys Wednesday.

Lucie Wright was shopping at Olloville one day last week.

Messrs. Braddie Hays, Oscar and Miles Diamond were on our creek recently.

Three Loosening Girls.

YATESVILLE.

Charles Carter and R. P. Crank have come home from Chattahoochee.

Mrs. Mildred Blankenship, of whose illness mention was made in our last article, died on the 10th inst. and was buried the 11th on the Deephole Branch by other relatives. She was the widow of Casender Blankenship. She was a good woman and was well liked by all who knew her. She leaves three children here besides some two or three who live in West Virginia.

An infant child of George Workman and wife who live on Morgan Creek, was so severely burned that it died and was buried Monday.

Landon and Fred Thompson of Olloville, were here Monday on business.

Some of our oldest citizens say that we are having the coldest weather that we have had since the early sixties. Your scribe remembers some of the winters of the sixties, but think the weather of to-day is a little more pinching than it was then, the cold New Year expected.

William Ekers is furnishing coal for our neighborhood, which is quite a staple just now.

Country Greenhorn.

LICK CREEK.

There will be church at Miller's Chapel the 3rd Saturday night and Sunday by Rev. Castle.

George B. Tyler, who has been visiting home folks for the past week, has returned to his work at Jenkins.

Miss Laura Blackburn is visiting home folks.

Uncle Dock, Miller, who has been sick for some time, is no better.

James Miller was calling on home folks Sunday.

George B. Tyler made a trip to Catlettsburg Saturday.

Samuel Hughes was visiting his daughter Sunday.

School closed here Wednesday.

with Miss Nora Roberts teacher. Steve Bradley and Harland Blackburn were calling on Misses. Lee and Bee Sunday.

Snow bird.

THELMA.

The Thelma friends were sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Susan Preston.

Saturday and Sunday is church time here.

Mrs. and Mrs. James Johnson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Carmichael Sunday.

Mrs. J. J. Spencer is on the sick list.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stanbaugh is on the sick list.

Martha Wiley, of Palataville, was the guest of his sisters, Mrs. J. H. Ward and Mrs. Ben Carmichael, Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Ann Rolland was calling on Mrs. J. H. Ward Saturday and Sunday.

Saturday, Jan. 13th, was pay day at the North-East mines.

The quilting party at Mrs. J. H. Wards was largely attended.

Two Chums.

PLEASANT RIDGE.

Rev. McLane, of Evergreen, passed through here Saturday.

School closed here Friday.

The Misses Barron entertained quite a number of young friends Saturday.

Millard Bradley made his usual trip to John Large's Sunday.

V. R. Pigg made a business trip to Lick Creek recently.

Mrs. G. A. Hays was here Monday.

Several of our boys left recently for Bedford to work.

V. R. Pigg spent Sunday in Russellville.

Miss Otha Berry returned home Monday.

John Clark and Arthur Burchett, of Deephole, were business visitors here Friday.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Felix Wellman.

Milt Pickle, of Smoky Valley, was at M. H. John's Monday.

Sheran Foster and Jerome Preece were calling at W. M. Berry's last week.

Nobody's Darling.

PROSPERITY.

School will close at this place next Saturday. Everybody invited All expect a nice time.

Charlie Sparks, who has been in Washington for the past three years is visiting relatives at this place.

Luther Burton was a visitor at James Carter's Saturday.

Lamie Boggs has returned from a trip to Greenup.

Jim Carter and Leo Berry called on L. S. Hoggs Sunday evening.

Drew Adams, of Overda, was a visitor at this place one day last week.

Jerry Cordle had the misfortune of being very painfully hurt by his horse falling on him.

Foraker Cordle passed through here Monday.

Miss Ella Lyons visited our school one day last week.

Milt Cordle and Leo Berry visited our school Monday.

Wattie Hurlton, of Irad, passed here recently.

Poor Little Mouse.

SIP.

There have been quite a number of weddings in this section, in the month, the first being Proctor Daniel, of Sip, and Nola Greene, of Chandlerille. Second, John Fairchild, of Sip, and Lora Lester, of Dorville. Third, Charlie Collins of Sip and Laura Salver, of Flat Gap. Fourth, Roy Williams, of Washington, and June Greene, of Chandlerille. The latter left on Friday for Washington, where they will make their future home.

FARM FOR SALE.

251 acres, with all mineral rights, 2 miles from Fort Gay, W. Va., 40 acres cleared. 5 acres level land. 1 log house, some timber. Price \$3500, half cash, balance one and two years. This farm is being sold to settle an estate.

U. G. Harlan, Adm'r.

Fort Gay, W. Va.

KENTUCKY NEIGHBORS.

L. G. Shipley, formerly with The Paintsville Herald, has taken charge of the Pikeville Herald, at Pikeville, and has located in that town.

County Clerk Lambert, of Wayne knows what the girls of his county will do this year, and to meet the demand has ordered 500 marriage licenses.

James Field died at his home in Cannonsburg, Sunday, after a long illness resulting from advanced age and general debility, he having reached the great age of about ninety-two years. He was probably the oldest of Boyd county's citizens.

George Herron, 40 years old, a former resident of Huntington, who came there recently from Pittsburg, was found dying in the toilet, room of the Adelphi Hotel Wednesday afternoon, by persons who had been attracted by the cries of distress.

The general store of Will Stafford, at Staffordsville, two miles above Paintsville, was destroyed by fire Tuesday night of last week. The building and stock was a total loss, with \$1,500 insurance. The store is located on the farm that was recently sold to I. G. Rice.

The little four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Parke, of Meek station, while playing with fire on Thursday morning, received severe burns on the right side from the ear to the knee. Two doctors, Jacob and John P. Wells, attended the little one and it is thought she will recover.

Jacob Smith of this place and Mrs. Nannie Blackburn, who had been the housekeeper and nurse during the illness of his late wife, were married here at 2 o'clock in the afternoon last Thursday. Mr. Smith lost his wife by death scarcely a month ago.—Pikeville Item.

A pretty wedding noted for its grace and simplicity was solemnized on yesterday in the parlor of the hotel Florence, the contracting parties being Miss Essa Daniel, of Paintsville and Mr. G. L. Stewart, of Denton, Ky. The bride is one of Boyd County's most popular teachers.—Catlettsburg Tribune.

Whitesburg, Ky., Jan. 12.—After walking twenty miles through a blinding snow storm and over an almost impenetrable part of the mountains, Green Adams, aged 20, of Knott county, and Miss Frankie Collier, aged 13, arrived here yesterday and were married by Elder W. R. Craft.

Rather than wait until his fiancée became older, Adams went to the home of his child bride before day break and helped her to escape from her room. When the youthful couple arrived here they were greatly fatigued and tired, but did not let this deter them from getting married immediately.

POOR FARM TO BE LEASED.

Orders, Filed Court of Lawrence County; Special Term, December 28, 1911.

On motion duly made and carried by the unanimous vote of all the magistrates of Lawrence county constituting the Lawrence Fiscal Court, Allen O. Carter and M. S. Hurns were appointed Commissioners to act in conjunction with the County Attorney, J. W. Hinkle, and are duly authorized, empowered and directed to lease the oil and gas and necessary privileges pertaining to the drilling of wells and marketing the oil and gas in, on and under the Poor House farm in Lawrence county, Ky., adjoining lands of Wm. Pigg. Said Commissioners are hereby vested with all and every power and authority necessary in the premises, and each and every act of said Commissioners necessary in the leasing of said premises is hereby ratified and confirmed as completely for all intents and purposes as if said contract of leasing was made direct with this Court.

Said Commissioners may advertise this order so that all parties desiring to submit propositions of lease may do so.

A copy attested:—Jan. 2, 1912.

MONT HOLT, Clerk,
Lawrence Fiscal Court.

All parties wishing to lease the premises above described are requested to put propositions in writing and file with the Commissioners not later than January 20, 1912.

M. S. HURNS,
J. W. HINKLE,
A. O. CARTER,
Commissioners.

Old papers for sale at this office at 20c per hundred.

GRAYSON WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Mrs. Frank Easterling aged 30 years, was burned to death at her home in Grayson last Sunday. She was married and left her husband and two children. The report says that Mr. Easterling had left the house for a short while having left his wife and children in the room and when he returned he found Mrs. Easterling lying in front of the open grate with all her clothing burned into a crisp, and the body charred body in a sheet and carried it to the porch, where she expired in a few minutes.

Mr. Easterling is a prominent school teacher in Carter county and is widely known.

REMOVED TO HUNTINGTON.

The remains of Jno. M. Smith, who died about ten years ago, were recently disinterred from their place of former burial near Pritchard, W. Va., and taken to Huntington and placed in the mausoleum of the late James Pritchard in Spring Hill cemetery. Mr. Smith was a son of Edward Smith, deceased, and his wife, who was a daughter of the late Lindsey Smith, of West Virginia, and four children are living.

The daughters are Mrs. P. H. Hager, of Huntington; Mrs. Ceres Ross, of Pritchard; and Mrs. Mable Kerfoot, of Syracuse, N. Y. The son, Stander Smith, also lives at Syracuse.

WEST VIRGINIA BRANCHES.

Teachers who expect to be employed in West Virginia schools should be thoroughly familiar with the branches taught in that State. To meet the requirements of those schools much attention is being given to those branches in the Kentucky State Normal Mr. J. B. McClure, himself an experienced West Virginia, will have charge of work of making students of the college familiar with the subjects and the methods of the public schools in our sister State. This is a decided advantage for those students who, not possessed by any other school in Kentucky.

HEAR IT.

Our former friends and others who make butter will derive pleasure and profit from studying an article in this number of the NEWS concerning the dairy exhibit recently held at Lexington.

LIFE FATEFULLY STABBED.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 12.—Bill Hollin, of Elliott county, a convict, was stabbed and fatally wounded by J. Cornell, a fellow convict, today. Hollin is serving a life sentence for the murder of his grandparents.

Cochran Oil Co.
Reuben Fork Oil Co.

OFFICE—TORCHLIGHT, KY.

BRANCH OFFICE, LOUISA, KY.

REUBEN FORK OIL CO. consists of Floyd McTow and Jack Adkins farms situated on the head of contains 300 acres. 1st well will Reuben Fork of Lick Creek and be located on McTow farm.

COCHRAN OIL CO. consists of the following tracts or farms: G. C. See, W. R. Childers, James Miller and H. C. Cochran. Bounded on South by Reuben and on the West by Lick Creek and this well will be located less than one mile south of Lick Creek well.

The above companies are both incorporated for \$6,000 each divided into 600 shares at \$10 each.

These two wells will be promoted on same general plans as we promoted the Square Deal Oil Co., the promoters retaining \$500 in stock and 1-8 part of the oil so you see if we are not successful we get nothing for our leases or labor. Who could ask for a fairer proposition? The price now asked for rentals are so high that hereafter a proposition of this kind could not be promoted on these terms.

OFFICERS:

C. V. BARTELS, President.
H. J. CALLOWAY, Vice President.
W. R. O'NEAL, JR.
WEBB HOLT,
J. W. PERRY,
L. E. CALDWELL,
HOWARD R. HAVES, Sec. & Treas.

DO NOT DELAY! Act promptly and do not overlook the fact that \$25.00 shares in Busseyville Oil Co. were selling from \$100 to \$150 each.

C. V. Bartels, Torchlight,

BAD CASE
OF GRIP

Caused Sore Throat and Tonsillitis. Restored by Peruna.

Mr. W. H. Housley, Greenville, Tennessee, writes: "Five years ago I took a very severe cold which resulted in la grippe. I never was so bad off. I was in bed several weeks, and when I did get up I had tonsillitis and a sore throat."

"I tried to cure this for eighteen months, but it gradually got worse. A doctor advised me to have my tonsils cut out, but I did not like the idea. Another doctor examined me, and told me the same thing. I finally got a bottle of Peruna, and after I had taken one bottle my throat was better. I bought and used a dozen bottles, and saw I was going to get well, and I did. Ask Your DRUGGIST For A FREE PERUNA ALMANAC For 1912."

FALSE FROM START TO FINISH.

Mrs. Alice Dean, of Zelda, writes that the statement in a letter from Zelda in last week's News "Frank Dean was calling on Alice Dean Saturday," was false from start to finish. She denies knowing such a person.

RAW FURS WANTED.

Will pay for No. 1 skunk, 72 lb. high patent fur.

Will pay for No. 2 skunk, 72 lb. high patent fur.

Will pay for No. 1 Opposum, 1-2 lbs. No. 4 sugar.

Will pay for No. 1 Muskrat, cash.

Will pay for No. 2 Muskrat, to 30c.

Horse hide mane and tail \$1.25

25c

Veal calf hide, green 10c per lb.

Beef hide salted 10c lb. in store.

Green 5c to 8c per lb.

Will pay cash for anything mentioned above. Come to Blaine, and we will please our customers. We are agents for big tanner raw fur dealers. You save money by trading with us. We are glad to help all trappers and dealers.

Big Blaine Produce Co., H. J. PACK, Mgr.